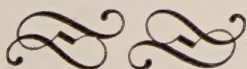


June, 1959

CONTENTS

Saint Columba	163
<i>By the Rev. Shirley Carter Hughson, O.H.C.</i>	
No	166
<i>By the Rev. George F. LeMoine, Priest Associate, Rector of Trinity Church, Martinsburg, West Virginia</i>	
The Big Chief	171
<i>By the Rev. Bruce V. Reddish, Retired Priest, Santa Barbara</i>	
At An Ordination	172
<i>By the Rev. Kendig Brubaker Cully, Ph.D., Professor of Religious Education in Seabury-Western Theological Seminary</i>	
A Plea for a Return to Plainsong in Anglican Liturgical Worship—IV	173
<i>By John Patrick Graham, Ed.D., Head of the Fine Arts Division, Colorado Women's College, Denver, Colorado</i>	
Stories That Are Seldom Told	177
<i>By the Rev. Canon Elwin Malone of St. Peter's Cathedral, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada</i>	
What To Say To Jehovah's Witnesses At The Door	179
<i>By the Rev. R. F. Palmer, S. S. J. E.</i>	
Outgoing Mail	179
Even So We Speak	180
<i>By Marion F. Dane, a Student at the University of Missouri, Columbia</i>	
What Is Best On Sunday Morning?	181
<i>By the Rev. Daniel B. Kunhardt, Priest Associate, Vicar of the Epiphany, Wilbraham and St. Mary's, Palmer, Mass.</i>	
The Order Of The Holy Cross	183
Companions	184
<i>By J. Peter Burnyeat, a Communicant of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Kerrisdale, British Columbia</i>	
The Order Of Saint Helena	186
Ordo	189
Press Notes	190
<i>By the Reverend Roy Rawson, Priest Associate and Press Manager</i>	





O heavenly Father

with whom nothing
is impossible for those
who believe in thy ever-loving
presence, we—now so be-
lieving—pray thee that the
spark of Christian brother-
hood remaining in Russia
may be so stirred by the
breath of thy holy spirit and so fed by
the fidelity of men of good will that a
flame will burn in the hearts of all
Russian people and that the leaders of the
Soviet Union will be guided by thy light into
the way of peace and fellowship with the
whole world through Jesus Christ our Lord.

amen.

This prayer was made by members of the St. Mary's (Arlington, Virginia) Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The drawing is by Br. Anthony, Nov., O.H.C. If there is sufficient demand, copies may be made available.

The Holy Cross Magazine

June



1959

Saint Columba

BY SHIRLEY CARTER HUGHSON, O.H.C.

IT IS recorded in the legends of ancient Ireland that in the days of St. Patrick there labored in Leinster a man of apostolic power named Mochta. Great as his success was, he looked to the coming years for the golden age of Celtic Christianity. He often prayed with his face towards the north.

When asked about this custom, he uttered a prophecy—"I foresee that out of the north country there shall come a Dove as a herald of salvation, who will spread the seed of the Gospel in both lands of the Scots (Ireland and what we now call Scotland), proclaiming the triumph of the faith and the reign of righteousness among men."

A century passed, and in the year 521, at Lough Lene in the lake country of Donegal, a

woman was about to bring forth a child. She was Ethra, the wife of Felim, of the royal line of the old warrior King Niall. She dreamed that a man of venerable aspect presented her with a robe of rich fabric, wherein all beautiful tints and colors appeared woven upon a background of golden sunlight. As she received the robe, it spread itself forth upon the air like a winged thing and extended over the land until every field, forest and mountain lay within the glow of its radiant folds.

"Fear not," said the Ancient to Ethra, "for thou shalt bring forth a child, whose holy fame shall thus spread over all Ireland and Scotland, and innumerable souls shall follow him into the Kingdom of heaven."

A little while later, her youngest son was

born. He was baptized Orimthan, a family name in his father's line, signifying a fox. So, in spite of the prophecies and portents that had attended this child's induction into life, it seemed that the Dove of the North had not yet come. But God was working out His plans in His own way.

The traveller who to-day penetrates as far north as the neighborhood of Lough Garten in Donegal, is showed the ruins of an ancient church where fourteen hundred years ago a priest named Cruinachan lived a life of prayer and retirement. His fame had gone abroad in the land for learning and holiness, and it was to his tutelage that Felim, according to the custom of the times, committed his youngest son.

The child grew up a strong character, but withal of a mild, obedient temper, and full of delight in the Church and her services. He was greatly beloved by his companions, who on account of his devotion to prayer gave him the nickname of Columkill,—the Dove of the Church; and so out of the mouths of babes at their play God began to reveal the fulfillment of the old prophecy on Mochta. The child's frank character, and the sweetness of spirit with which he won the hearts of young and old, so marked the inappropriateness of his baptismal name, that Orimthan, the fox, was soon forgotten in Columba, the Dove.

When about twenty years of age, Columba was sent to pursue his studies for the priesthood in the famous school of St. Finbar at Moville; and was shortly afterwards ordained deacon. Five years later he was raised to the priesthood while studying at another famous school of the prophets situated on the site of the present city of Dublin.

Returning to the north, at the age of twenty-six, Columba founded his first monastery near a military settlement out of which grew the present city of Londonderry. Several years were passed in this quiet retreat with his monks, when the condition of the country about him, and the indifference of the people to the Faith which they professed, brought home to him the

truth that every generation requires its own evangelization.

Going forth with some of his companions he preached in every part of Ireland in such a spirit of faith and of persuasive love that the men were aroused to sense of their duty, the clergy were stimulated to greater zeal, and wherever this Dove of the Spirit gave his message, the Spirit Himself was poured into the hearts of the people with power and efficacy.

So began the missionary life of St. Columba; but the impulse was not new. According to the ancient Celtic system the spiritual life as taught in the Irish schools and monasteries, there were three crises through which a soul might pass. These were known as the "Three Vocations." The first was conversion to God when the Faith into which one had been baptised became an accepted reality to the awakened mind. The second was the call to go forth in love to teach this life to others; and the third was the willingness of love of God to become a pilgrim and stranger on the earth, to respond with loving haste to the call, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house unto a land that I will show thee."

So strongly did the missionary spirit burn in the hearts of these primitive Irishmen that to die preaching the Gospel in a strange land was regarded as the end above all others to be desired by a true lover of God. The ideal permitted of no return to one's home and kindred as old age came on or the frame failed under the weight of incessant labors and journeyings. "Foreign mould over thee at the end of thy way" was the proverb which set forth the first test of the perfect servant of Christ.

All these things Columba had been taught, and it is narrated that as a boy was his constant prayer that God would grant him the joyous privilege of dying in some far land. It was to the heart of this little child that the Third Vocation had

me. But his developing life, the keen intellectual joy of study as a youth, the sweet and congenial converse of his brethren in his first monastery; and now the thrill of the missionary work, with multitudes of his countrymen whom he loved with a deep patriotic affection that was to colour his whole life, being drawn back to the feet of God by his holy eloquence,—all these combined to dim the heavenly vision. Surely his was vocation high enough. Why should he seek spiritual adventure further afield when so much awaited him here?

No man ever yet turned his back on a higher vocation without at the same time turning his back on a higher grace. There may be no intention of rejecting God, but such an one, sooner or later, learns that it is a peril nigh unto death to undertake to serve God in some other way than that which He Himself has ordained.

The lesson for Columba was to be one of bitterness of which he was to carry with him to the grave, and he was not held back from learning it. His old teacher, St. Finbar, had lately gone on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apostles at Rome. On his

return he brought with him a precious manuscript, a Book of the Gospels, which has been thought to have been nothing less than a copy of new Vulgate, recently translated out of the Greek by St. Jerome. It was very likely the only copy in all the western islands.

Columba's Great Sin

Columba heard of the new acquisition to the library at Dromin, where St. Finbar now resided, and was seized with a desire to preach the Gospel to the tribes dwelling in those parts. Reaching the monastery, he found that his old master so jealously guarded his treasure that he would scarcely allow his pupil to have even a peep at the precious parchment, which he had secreted, for safer keeping, in the church.

On the third night following, St. Finbar wished to refer to the new text, and sent his secretary to the church to fetch it. The young man was surprised to find the sanctuary barred from within, and on applying his eye to a crack in the door, to his amazement he saw Columba, with a light at his side, hard at work copying the manuscript. And as if this was not enough to harrow up his loyal feeling, a tame crane that happen-



LINDISFARNE — CELTIC MISSION TO THE ENGLISH

ed to be in the church, attracted by approaching footsteps, and seeing the glitter of the monk's eye at the crevice in the door, pecked at it viciously.

Howling with mingled rage and pain, the monk ran off to his master to tell him of the iniquity that was being perpetrated. St. Finbar's indignation at this violation of hospitality was boundless. He demanded the surrender of the copy, but his guest, while acknowledging his breach, refused to give it up.

After a long altercation, the monks appealed to King Diarmaid, a famous lawgiver of his time. His judgement was quaintly worded: "To every cow belongs her calf, and to every book its copy."

Columba had lost his case. Alas, the sweet and mild spirit of his humbler days was gone. The fighting blood of his old warrior ancestor Niall, whose name had been one of terror to all the islands of the western seas, beat madly in his veins. Mounting his horse, he rode in great wrath, to the chief of his clan, and appealed to the Red Head of O'Neill for justice.

The clans were soon in the field, and the battle was joined at Culdrumman. Hardly contested for a time, at length the conflict ended with the forces of Diarmaid in full flight after a bloody defeat. It is a strange but universal anomaly in human nature that men are able to keep up the outward semblance of an ideal or principle, even when the reality is gone. Columba had done the devil's work, and yet when the battle began he ascended a neighboring hill and spent the time in prayer. His devotions were interrupted by the shouts of ungodly triumph with which his kinsmen came to give him the news that his cause had been avenged and that three thousand of the enemy lay dead on the field.

With this terrible announcement Columba came to himself. Stunned with horror he fled into the forest to hide himself in an agony of shame and penitence. Seeking counsel from Molaise, an aged hermit of Lamlash, he was advised to turn his back upon his native island forever, and to seek opportunity to make reparation for his crime by preaching the Gospel to the pagan Picts of Scotland.

(to be continued)

No

BY GEORGE F. LEMOINE

This is what might be termed a No article. One of the hardest things in my life that I have found I have to do, is to say No to people who make what we may call undisciplined requests—requests which are innocent perhaps in their formation, but which do not show that the person making the request has considered the basic rights of others. You and I find that it is even harder to say No to ourselves when the things we want to do confront our knowledge that the desire, the request, should be answered by a No.

Generally, it is much easier for people to be indulgent parents in dealing with others. We tend to feel that our permitting

things against our own consciences is an expression of love. God, Himself, in His love for us, in His knowledge of our egocentric desires, must, in some sense, feel that He would like to go along with us and always return a Yes answer.

We know, however, from the knowledge of God learned through His Son Jesus Christ, that the greatest expression of love which sees more than just the momentary fulfillment of a human wish—which sees the deep needs of individuals—and realizes that many times love expresses itself more maturely as a firm No.

We must say no to people sometimes and so God also must say no to individuals

and nations. Let us consider the *possibility* that God is saying no to certain ambitions and desires of our time in the light of some verses from Micah:

"Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of oxen? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgressions, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

He hath shewed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

A scourge of wild horsemen out of the wastes to the north was abroad in the land—raping, burning, destroying, murdering—the uncivilized over-riding with abandon and glee the civilized—the uncultured, unappreciative nomad, in his fierceness, playing with the precious baubles of people more advanced. The nomads had trampled Judah's brother kingdom of Samaria to the north, and had by-passed Jerusalem in the middle of mountainous Judah, as they carried the torrent of their bestiality to the borders of Egypt.

A small farmer lives not far away from Jerusalem where he has witnessed the samplings of victorious foes of the past. He has been to the markets of the golden city which they say cannot fall so long as God, the great Lord Jehovah, has made its temple His home. Jerusalem will never fall because the Jerusalemites are chosen people—they have a covenant, a pledge of God that He will remain their God. They remember that Jehovah has said He will remain their God—but they forget—a covenant contains promises on both sides. The covenant says that Jehovah will be their God if they will be His people.

What does our small farmer find as he brings his produce to Jerusalem, the civilized city, the wonder city that will never fall? He finds a people who have cast

standards to the wind in a wild, undisciplined search for security. The money changers clip coins; the traders seek mammon frantically, even on the Sabbath, as they use long weights to buy and short weights to sell; the widow is forced into the street and can only appeal her case to a bribed judge; the gay young blades carouse the streets until the early hours bawling their obscenities; the wealthy women lie fat and comfortable on their rich couches, fanned by slaves, sipping rare wines, eating scarce sweetmeats, tearing someone's reputation to shreds, and putting pressure on their husbands to squeeze more money out of simple folks so that they can have more and more costly luxuries. The Priests hold daily sacrifices, mouthing words which have no meaning to them. They control revenue by the fear of the people for holy mysteries, and carry out the ethical implications of their work by charging usurious interest to effect the change of money to the pure money required for the temple tax.

What if our brothers in Samaria have gone down before invaders? What if their way of life was similar to ours now? What if there was handwriting on the wall for them? We have God on our side. We have His temple. He is in the Holy of Holies behind the Great Temple Curtain: as long as He is there we cannot pass away. There is only one God and He has chosen us out of all the nations of the world for His people.

But—in all of this frantic living, in all of this meaningless rush after the things of this world, is there not a little thread of doubt as to the reality of this approach to life? Is not this madness the result of a loss of moorings, the sign of uncertainty about things, rather than the surety that comes from knowledge of tried and true goals and attachments in life? If there were not this tiny thorn of doubt, then why are these people sacrificing so many many animals upon the temple altars? Is all of this sacrificing an effort to cleanse the con-

science without the need to become personally involved, without the need to change or amend a way of life which has strayed from the higher demands that people feel?

Will God's voice be completely silent in this situation? Will He allow His ethical demands upon His creatures to be completely negated as men turn to idols of their own choosing; gold, avarice, gluttony, egocentricity, power, etc.? A ringing voice says No. We can look around and see who says no, but most people don't. They are deaf to the call of God to repentance; their ears are open only to the call of Man.

The ringing voice is from our small landowner, the farmer who lived nigh to the Golden City. He had seen, in awful clarity, the signs of the times. He had gone back to his little farm. He had prayed on his knees: "O God, what shall I preach to thy lost sheep of the house of Judah? Thy word is like a raging torrent demanding that I interpret in your name to this generation?"

Out of the inner turmoil of the prophet, intuitively grasping reality, where attempts at logical rationality failed to show the Truth, came the words:

"Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgressions, the fruits of my body for the sin of my soul?"

He hath shewed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Despite the voice of this prophet and others, Jerusalem did not repent, and Jerusalem fell.

The cry of prophets has gone out in the world now these thousands of years as new civilizations rose and fell. Their cry: "Repent and be saved." Sometimes the cry has been by one small voice, sometimes by

many—seldom have many listened—usually only a remnant have heard and because they heard they have been able to pass on the torch of civilization to a new situation with its inherent possibilities for moral progress.

In our day prophets from all fields of human endeavor are voicing the cry, each in his own tongue—"Repent and be saved"—and is not this a large part of the reason for the deafness of the multitudes? We have raised in our day a tower of Babel, a multitude of tongues endeavoring to make themselves understood by a people who are wallowing, often unconsciously, in a trough of misery and who are reaching out for the threads of hope offered by the many prophets, but who lose, in the midst of the threads, the rope of salvation offered by those who know that God is the only answer to the human predicament, to human misery.



The economist gives his solution on the basis of supply and demand or some other economic theory, the agriculturist on his theories of the world food situation, the politician on expediency, the militarist on preparedness, the psychiatrist (who is close to the theologian in many instances) on his analysis of the individual soul. All of these voices are necessary, because it is certainly a truism that economic problems must be solved economically, political problems must

re solved politically, military problems must be solved militarily. However, unless under each practical solution, there is a deep conception of the value of individual lives, and an ecumenical, or universal point of view, these prophetic voices will have been raised in vain; they will have only increased misery and misunderstanding. "He hath hewed thee, O man, what is good: and what does the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

To Micah, the prophet, the group of wild tribesmen from the North was a potential judgement of God upon Jerusalem for her sin. To him God was not static—He did not create the world and then go away to let it rock along on its own course without guide or compass. To him God was working out His righteousness in history, dynamically present in every human situation.

The lessons of history cannot be denied. Within the germ of every creature lies death unless the moral laws of life are attuned with the natural laws. Christ said: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it bringeth forth much fruit." A seed is just a seed unless it is put into the ground and decays. If it lies in its natural habitat it brings forth an abundance of life. Any human soul which endeavors to maintain its own ego, and neglects or disregards its natural habitat as one among many souls, will die, a hard kernel of unfulfilled longing. A soul which dies to self, which puts on Christ and takes the altruism thus engendered out into other lives, will produce an abundance of good fruit.

Individuals die through over concern with self; civilizations die when they take the seed of creativity and surround it with an impenetrable husk of self-concern over themselves as the ultimate, the chosen of God. Civilizations, like people, since they are made up of people, must allow their creativity to expand in its natural environment of concern for others.

A graphic illustration of the inability of

any of us to live to ourselves is to be seen in the experiments of a Sicilian King of the Renaissance period. He carried scientific experimentation to the point of imprisoning young children in darkened rooms, with no contact with others, but with all necessary animal wants supplied. The children soon died.

Because it is apropos of our discussion at this point, I wish to quote from the speech of John Foster Dulles to the assembly of the World Council of Churches meeting in Amsterdam a number of years ago. "The Communist leadership is dynamic and it has world-wide ambitions. That of itself, makes it impossible to create at once a universal organization of peace through law and it confronts those who seek peace with a difficult problem. But there is a solution. The solution is for those who have faith to exert themselves more vigorously to translate their faith into works. Those who believe in the moral law and human dignity must be more concerned to make special institutions reflect those ideals. In that way they can provide an example that others will follow and a unifying process will be begun."

Christ showed through the cross that understanding and growth come about through suffering and death. Toynbee says, from his study of history, that creative suffering leads to growth.

Suffering that nurtures itself on concern for self *may*, and that word is underlined, lead to growth, but only when the sufferer has reached the depths of despair to such an extent that in his blindness, from the muck of false desires and varied answers in his eyes, he reaches through the many thin strings offered him and grasps, with a smothering man's despairing grasp, the rope of salvation held on the other end by the strong hand of God.

Americans still believe, or frantically hope, that their nation is the chosen of God. Other nations formerly thought that they were but are not now so sure. There

are barbarians in the North challenging our conclusions that in America rests the ultimate Utopia. We might dub this bug-a-bear to the North as Communism.

The next section is one involving a very controversial issue but I feel very strongly that there is something which must be said, not only to others but repeatedly to myself. There is a need today for people to think as they have never thought before. There is the need for thought with as much emotionalism as possible removed from that thought. It appears to me that it is rather necessary for our salvation to analyse today's situation and see whether God is not speaking a No to America, in part, through Communism.

Psychiatrists tell us that when people are hysterical about a thing, a problem, a bias, a phobia, that there is fear in the hysteria, but also guilt. Are not many Americans hysterical about Communism? Can we say that we are afraid only of Communism as a force that may take over our civilization by night, or are we not also afraid to face up to the problems in our own culture which Communism is challenging? Are we in reality jousting with the real villain in our Communist investigation committee, or are we not using this means to escape hysterically the necessity of looking the American way of life full in the face and saying: "There is something in the American way of life which is not *wholly* good, something which exploits people, something which tramples the desires of people to obtain to higher goals, which frustrates a portion of the people so much that they have open minds to Communist propaganda or any other kind of ideology which *seemingly* offers greater possibilities than the American system." In other words, is God speaking to our sinful nation through the Communist challenge? Is God saying to our nation: "Give up your hard shell of concern for America alone; give up your visions of a utopia of one nation in a world bound together by the inability of any nation to exist alone in this closed sphere—this sphere

closed by the wonders of science to a world where all people are so potentially neighbors, economically, politically, and spiritually." Yes, God could be saying to America—"unite, become altruistic, or perish."

It seems to me that if one touches the truth of other lives even slightly that one can see that in probably as high a ratio as 95 out of 100 families there is tragedy, and that the tragedy is caused by the misunderstanding of Divine Truth—the Truth that tells us how to plant the kernel of innate creativity into the soil of its natural habitat. Parents misuse their children, who grow to misuse others; persons seek security in alcohol, in sexual promiscuity, in power in money, in themselves; they seek escape from reality in movies, honk-e-tonks, fur autos, witch hunts; and nations follow the pattern set up by their individual members.

People are turning to religion, are studying it, are attending churches—but are they really living it? Is this turning to religion a last desperate measure, a clutching at the rope of salvation with eyes that do not see? In this latter situation lies a possibility of salvation but how much greater the hope if we humans pull with the rope, if there is teamwork, rather than letting God do all the pulling from the muck of despair. This type of turning to religion, or return to religion has many of the elements of the frantic heavy animal sacrifices in the days of Micah—a sacrifice without depth to an unknown God—an unconscious guilt offering for the sin of our souls, for the uncleanness we feel concerning our own skirts. Even ministers often fail to see fully, in the midst of the labors and despair over the human situation the God of life, and the rope of salvation leading to Him . . . they too become open potentially creative because of the hard shell of over-concern with the secular situation about them.

Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Will He be pleased with guilt offerings of other persons and things to His service?

ut not our selves? Shall I sacrifice my own child for my selfish pleasures; his need for love, affection and care as over against my own desires to go to parties, his need for an education as over against the necessary social prestige of a new car?

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good—it is not really ignorance of the good of life that causes us to die in the husk of our own selfish concerns. And what is the requirement of the Lord thy God of those

who have this knowledge? Why, to be rational in our dealings with others, not hysterical; to trust our oftentimes intuitive knowledge of the Good; to love our fellow-men as ourselves, not exploit them; and to walk humbly, in all faith and security, with the God who is always there as helper, friend, guide, and solace to those who have faith, to those who reach out with wondering eyes to grasp the strong rope of salvation.



PETER

ANDREW.

JOHN.

JAMES

The Big Chief

BY BRUCE V. REDDISH

One of the most interesting characters with whom I have ever come into contact during a ministry of over fifty years, was a tall dignified middle-aged man on the lower west side of New York, who was known to his friends and associates as "Big Chief." Why this title was given him I do not know, except that he was suspected of having Indian blood and his looks and manners bore this out. I first saw him one Sunday at the evening service at Trinity Church where I was on the staff,—that was nearly fifty years ago. I happened to be the preacher that evening, and I do not remember what my topic was but I am quite sure that it was a very ordinary sermon. However,

I noticed two men sitting not far from the back of the church. One of them was a member of the congregation whom I knew quite well, but the other I had never seen before. He had a strong and serious face, and he never took his eyes off me as I stood before him. I learned afterwards that it was the first time that he had been in a church since he was a small boy in Minnesota. When his mother had taken him to hear Bishop Whipple preach. It all seemed very new to him and its meaning by no means clear, but as the service proceeded, bits of it such as the Gloria Patri, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed seemed to come back to him like something from an all but for-

gotten dream. However, it was for him the beginning of a new life.

It seems that he was a journeyman printer and lived in a cheap lodging-house over a saloon in that part of the city. He was also a chronic alcoholic and told me afterwards that he had not drawn a sober breath for more than thirty years. Twice he had had Delirium Tremens. The last time he had been sent to Bellevue Hospital where one day he had apparently died. A sheet had been drawn over his face and his bed had been rolled into the corridor to be taken to the morgue.

When the orderlies came to get him, they noticed some slight movement under the sheet and found him still breathing. Eventually he recovered and was discharged, but before this his doctor had impressed upon him that if he ever should be brought there again, it would be the end.

After he left the hospital, he went into the Bronx Park where he spent three days and nights fasting and fighting the matter out: then, having nowhere else to go, he returned to the lodging-house over the saloon. It happened that in the attic of the building there lived an acrobat and his family, who in the summer traveled about the country with a circus. The acrobat knew the Big Chief and his problem, and on Sunday evening invited him to accompany him to church. He was not quite sure what to do when he got there, but from that time on he began a new life. He gave up drinking finally and completely and found grace to persevere, but when he considered whether he should leave the lodging-house and his former companions there, he decided that he would not do this, but would do what he could to bring them to the church and to his new way of life. He joined a Confirmation class and began coming to the early Eucharist on Sunday. He also began to read the psalms and lessons for Morning and Evening Prayer each day: he was very possibly the only layman in the congregation who did so. In due course he was confirmed and from then on every Sunday and holy day found him at the altar as well as at

At An Ordination

Corridors of centuries lead unto this day;
Legions of faithful voices chant this creed
Saints in their silent chambers watch and
pray,

The feet of sacrificial martyrs bleed.
All from the past flows toward the present
hour;

The present leaps into the vast to-be;
The emergent merges with the primal power
That animates the cosmic harmony.

Press lightly, hands of the Holy Ghost,
Whose touch conveys such solemn ministry
Let no one mortal of this gift make boast
Save with these witnesses his life agree.

—Kendig Brubaker Cull



Evensong. Moreover he brought many of his friends with him and some were confirmed and became regular members of the congregation. Those who got to know him had great respect and affection for him. Quiet and gentle in his manner, he had a smile for everyone. He usually had little to say, but when he spoke, men listened and what he said was to the point. So far as I know, he never fell back into his old evil ways again. The grace of God sufficed to keep him in the right way.

After I left Trinity, he passed out of my life, and it was some years before I saw him again. It was at a diocesan convention at the Cathedral. His hair was white, but he still stood straight, and he grasped my hand firmly and greeted me with the same smile as of old. He told me that he had long since left the lower west side and was living with friends in a town up the Hudson where he was a vestryman of the parish church, from which he had come to the convention as a delegate.

A Plea For A Return To Plainsong In Anglican Liturgical Worship -- IV

BY JOHN PATRICK GRAHAM

The source of much confusion concerning the Anglican Liturgy lies in the common belief that the Church of England was founded in the sixteenth century and was faced at that time with the task of formulating an entire new liturgy based on a basically different approach from that of orthodox Christianity of fifteen hundred years standing. Nothing could be further from the truth. In couching the language of the liturgy of the Church of England in the vernacular, no fundamental change was made. If there was some loss in translating the ancient hymns and canticles of the Church from Latin to English it is felt by many to have been no more loss than when they had been translated from other languages into Latin. One of the main objectives of the English reformers was to rid the liturgy of its medieval accretions and base the new liturgy on the English of the sixth century ideal.

Fr. Charles Winfred Douglas shows how plainsong acts as a thread of continuity from ancient times to the present:

... the great principle of a liturgical music at one with the words of the Service, and providing for each member to have his due active share in the praise of the whole Body, as first set forth in the sixth century, transmitted to the English Church, and revised at the Reformation, has been restored throughout the Anglican Communion and authoritatively accepted and set forth by the American Episcopal Church.¹

Some explanation of the many types and varieties of music found in the Anglican Communion should be given, not that there is any real justification for many of them. One of the first of these unfortunate influences came from the Continental Calvinists who used metrical settings of the

Psalms. Then the present practice in hymn-book editing came into being, that of printing alternative metrical settings of the ancient hymns and canticles instead of the usual plainsong melodies. In the Episcopal Church in the United States, which is a part of the Anglican Communion, the priest in charge of a church is responsible for the music used in its services of worship and as a result the traditional plainsong in many parishes is used with participation of the entire congregation in the appropriate parts which contributes to the feeling of "corporateness" of the Worshipping Body. In other parishes indiscriminate use of the Official Hymnal results in a mixture of heterogeneous music which, aside from being esthetically most unpleasant, links the musical part of the worshipping action with no particular age, and certainly, lacking a homogeneous musical language, reflects little relationship with the Early Church.

There appears to be little advantage in explaining how the wide variety of music came to be used in the Anglican Communion unless it is followed by positive action in securing a better understanding of what the English Reformers intended. Such a move is hampered by the fact that, especially in the Episcopal Church in the United States, the numerical gains are in need of consolidation through instruction in the doctrines of the Church.

DETRIMENTAL EFFECT OF ALTERNATIVE SECULAR SETTINGS

Having discussed the fitness of plainsong to give choral expression to the Church's worship, some attention should be given to other types of music together with a few

¹The Rev. Charles Winfred Douglas, *Church Music in History and Practice*, (New York: G. B. Putnam's Sons, 1937), p. 267.

reasons for their being inferior to plainsong in the worship of the Church.

It is painfully evident that a great deal of other music is being employed as a musical vehicle, although it should be noted that in "Queen Elizabeth's Adjuncts," in 1559, other types of music are not excluded if they were used in the service of the Church not expressing a part of the liturgy as contained in the Prayer Book. Examples of instances where other music might conceivably be used are in hymns, anthems, etc., which are not a part of the liturgy. Even in these, it should be emphasized that this music should agree in "spirit" with that of plainsong. The permission to use this music seems to have been the entering wedge with which, in many instances, the legitimate plainsong has been crowded out. Inevitably the substitutes for plainsong have been music composed, largely, from secular influences. Since the man in the pew must bring his secular training and taste in music with him, liturgical music drawn from these sources is doomed to failure in drawing him "out of himself" to an "other worldliness" of detachment from secular distractions. One of these insidious influences may be the organ accompaniment to the plainsong. (See Max Springer's *The Art of Accompanying Plainchant* (Benedictines at Conception, Missouri, 1906), one of the best books on the accompaniment of plainsong.) If the accompaniment is not keeping with the modality, rhythm, and dynamics of plainsong it loses its effectiveness. Also, as needless as the practice is, many organists feel it necessary to improvise between parts of the liturgy in such a way as to cover the quiet places.

The tendency to dramatize each part where the music is used seems to be a frequent error in good taste on the part of church musicians. This is usually one of the unfortunate results when a musically proficient choir and organist fail to grasp the significance of the "drama of the liturgy" as a whole and instead concentrate on each of its component parts. The tendency to

dramatize may even be carried to extremes as in the place in the Mass where the acolyte presents the alms basin to the priest who in turn holds it up in front of the altar as a symbolic offering to God. At this point the writer once heard an organist play something suspiciously resembling a movie-land fanfare.

Church musicians have frequently been guilty of borrowing music from the literature of the Romantic Period possibly because music of this era is generally well liked by most congregations, which is not, necessarily, an accurate criterion of the music's worth as a part of the Church's worship. The excessive chromaticism of this music makes it unfit for church use in spite of the popularity of the works of such romantic composers as Franck, Schubert, Liszt, and Faure. Alfred Einstein, in regard to Schubert's church music states:

This subjectivity is matched by the ecstatic harmony of the work: an example, in the flat major Mass, would be the Sanctus, which leaves the major key of F by way of an augmented fifth chord and after a few measures arrives at C sharp major.²

Needless to say, such subjective modulatory excursions make it unfit for church use.

Einstein cites still another instance of the intrusion of secular influences into church music. Speaking of Liszt's Mass: "In the *Angus Dei*, which—as in Beethoven—opened by a violin solo, there are even present faint suggestions of something like magyar or gypsy music."³

Another factor in the music of worship which reflected the change in religious viewpoint of the Early Church was the advent of the leading tone. K. Ryan draws the relationship clearly:

² Alfred Einstein, *Music in the Romantic Era* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1947), p. 100.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 164.

Its introduction was contemporaneous with humanism and the impulse toward worldly pleasures and sensory satisfaction that came with the Renaissance. Music from that time began to be prized for, and judged by its 'sweetness'.⁴

A further explanation of the general effect of the leading tone is that it served to create tension in the hearer which upon resolution of the harmony lends a sensuous pleasure of release. Dickinson illustrates this point by asking the following question:

Let anyone study his sensation when a trained choir pours over him a flood of rapturous harmony, and he will perhaps find it difficult to decide whether it is devotional uplift or an aesthetic afflatus that seized him. Is there any difference between his mental states at this moment and that, for instance, at the close of 'Tristan and Isolde'?

Let anyone study his sensation when a trained choir pours over him a flood of rapturous harmony, and he will perhaps find it difficult to decide whether it is a devotional uplift or an aesthetic afflatus that has seized him. Is there any difference between his mental states at this moment and that, for instance, at the close of 'Tristan and Isolde'?⁵

In view of these illustrations it would seem that St. Augustine's fears in regard to the arts had been realized in that their appeal was primarily emotional. The complementary truth of His Suffering, His Resurrection, was left out of consideration. This indicated a definite trend away from the demanding the exercise of the intellect to its apprehension in favor of an art appealing to the emotions.

Perhaps, even worse that genuine Roman Catholic music in the church service, is a great deal of the so-called church music imposed during the last hundred years. Peter Lutkin, in an address, discusses the situation as follows: "In the Bible, in the Book of Common Prayer, in the hymns and articles of the Church we have noble

K. Ryan, "Gregorian Esthetic," *Commonweal*, LIII (March, 1936), p. 544-46.

Dickinson, *op. cit.*, p. 51.

thoughts and sentiments nobly expressed and they must not be expressed by ignoble music."⁶ And again in regard to the character of the music he states:

We have soft and sentimental ideas about religion, and we reproduce them with great fidelity in our music. Our efforts lack dignity, logic, force and meaning. When we sing 'O be joyful in the Lord' it is apt to be a brass band joy, or an operatic joy. When Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, these vast heavenly hosts voice their adoration by singing 'holy, holy, holy' pianissimo to a sickly diminished sept chord. Sorrow is a suave and sugary thing, repentance is a comfortable sort, contrition has mental reservations and pain has been soothed by narcotics. Why must we always sing with hushed voices every time death, or sorrow or sin or pain is mentioned? . . . What we want is sentiment, sincere and profound, and not a thin veneer of sentimentality.⁷

The Catholic Revival has endeavored to restore the corporate nature of liturgical worship in the Anglican Communion. The florid, emotional alternatives to plainsong have been proved unsuited to the pristine form of the Anglican Liturgy following the removal by the revival of its medieval doctrinal accretions, and the exalted plainsong of the Early Church once again is finding its rightful place.

Evidence that Roman Catholics, as well as Anglicans, are realizing the value of plainsong is found in the Motu Proprio of Pope Pius X on Sacred Music, part II, The Different Kinds of Sacred Music:

Thus, it may be seen that experimentation with other types of church music has served to emphasize the need for a return to plainsong.

On these grounds Georgian Chant has always been regarded as the supreme model for sacred music, so that it is fully legitimate to lay down the following rule: *the more closely a composition for Church approaches in its movement, inspiration and savor the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple.*"

⁶ Peter Christian Lutkin, "American Church Music," *Music Teachers National Association Proceedings*, (1915), p. 79.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 84.

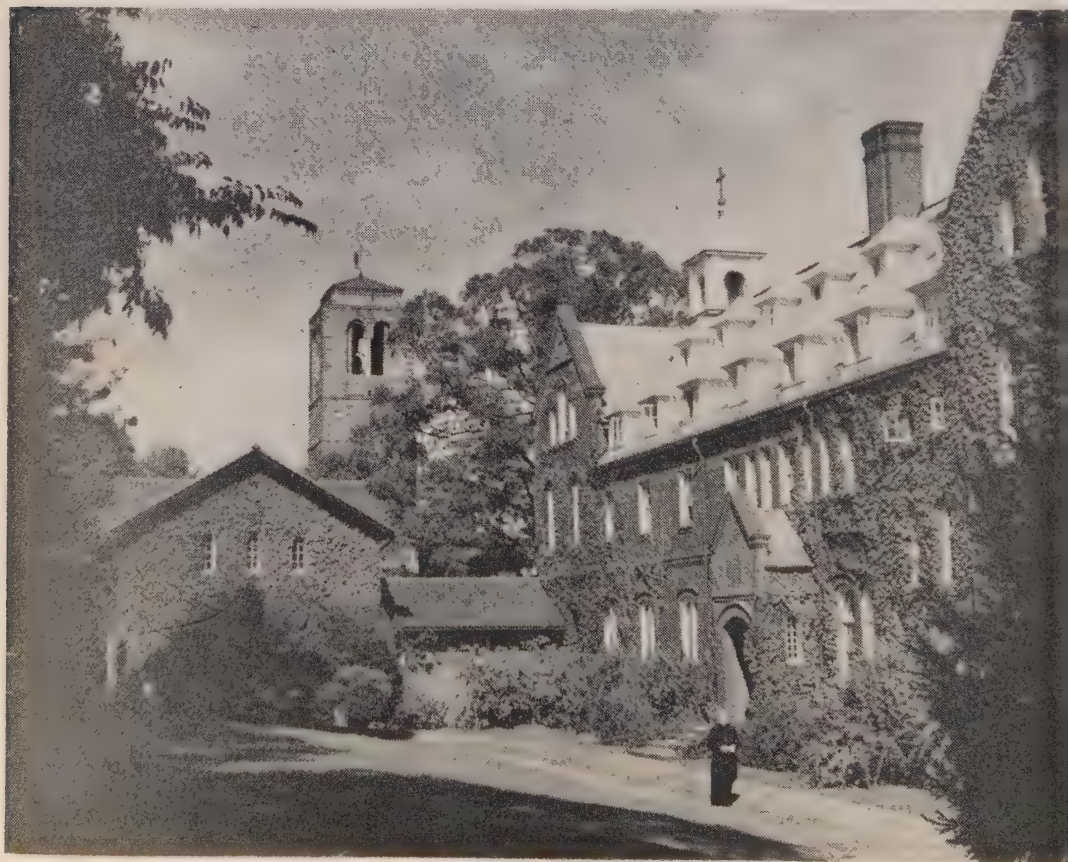
⁸ Nicolas Slonimsky, *Music Since 1900*, (New York: Coleman-Ross Company, Inc., 1949), p. 630.

Conclusion

Several considerations have been presented as having a bearing on the thesis that plainsong is a fitting vehicle for the liturgical expression of the Anglican Communion. The origin of plainsong has been discussed, together with the factors which influenced its development, in an attempt to show the harmony of the spoken and sung liturgical expressions. The esthetic characteristics of plainsong mark it as a recognizably noble art worthy of the worship of God and at the same time an art of artlessness, classically simple, serene, and selfless, designed to serve God rather than to display human achievement, thereby providing itself in unity with the liturgy of a truly corporate worship.

Immediate and universal approval of plainsong can hardly be expected; however proper instruction of both clergy and laity could result in a church atmosphere conducive to the cultivation of plainsong.

Dr. Graham took his doctorate in music and has been choir director in several parishes. Concerning his warning against mixing plainsong and other music in the same service he has written to amplify his statement thus: "On occasions when plainsong is employed, it should continue throughout; exceptions being the processional, recessional and possibly the offertory. My objections involved the joining of Anglican chant and plainsong." The bibliography is too long to publish but will be available on request. Ed.



A throng of friends and neighbors kept Corpus Christi with us.

Stories That Are Seldom Told

BY ELWIN MALONE

The Abomination of Desolation

In the year 168 B. C. the "Abomination of Desolation," a sarcastic distortion of the name "Baal of Heaven," was set up on the Altar of Sacrifice in the Temple. This was a small altar dedicated to the Olympian Jupiter, and on it swine's flesh was sacrificed. No longer did the Priests officiate in the Temple and it seemed as though the end of the Jewish religion had come. The Essidians, known as the "Pious Ones," determined to offer passive resistance to the new law and, either in secret or in the wilderness, continued to observe the orthodox practices of their religion.

The King's reaction to this was to launch a wave of violent persecution against the Jews. His military commander Apollonius came treacherously upon those who were keeping the Sabbath and slew large numbers of worshippers. Two women whose children had been circumcised were put to death. Some who had hidden in caves were burnt to death in them. Eleazar, an ancient scribe, was forcibly fed swine's flesh. He spat it out and, told that he might merely pretend to eat it, while eating other food and so to save his life, chose rather to die "as an example of noble courage, not only to the young, but to all the nation." Seven sons of one family were beaten. Each one in turn was given the chance to save his life, but the mother pleaded with them that they should die rather than forsake their religion. They were executed, along with their mother, who before her death boldly declared that while they had died "under God's covenant of everlasting life" the King, through the judgment of God would receive just punishment for his pride."

Such persecution drove the Jews to active revolt. Many fled from the city and lived in the wilderness, banding themselves together for resistance to the King's law.

Mattathias leads the rebellion

In the town of Modin there lived a certain priest named Mattathias. He and his five sons were deeply grieved by the sufferings of his people, the desolation of Jerusalem and the desecration of the Temple. "Wherefore was I born to see this misery of my people and of the Holy City?" he lamented, "Behold our Sanctuary, even our beauty and our glory is laid waste and the Gentiles have profaned it."

To Modin came the King's officers to enforce his commands. Some seemed willing to obey, but Mattathias and his sons stood firm in their resistance. He was picked out as a man of mark among his people and of him it was demanded that he should be first to do the King's command. Rewards were offered him for compliance, but in loud tones he gave his answer: "Not though all nations fall away from the religion of their fathers, yet will I, my sons and my family walk in the covenant of our fathers. We will not hearken to the King's bidding to go from our religion either to the right hand or to the left."

One of the Jews came forward to offer the heathen sacrifice but in righteous anger Mattathias fell upon him and slew him at the altar. Nor was the King's officer spared, he was put to death and the altar thrown down. After this the old priest cried aloud; "Whoever loves the Law and will keep the Covenant let him follow me." So, leaving behind his possessions, he and his sons fled to the hills. Many others also went into the desert for truth and righteousness' sake.

A pursuit of the rebels was immediately ordered and on the Sabbath day the attackers found them. They were ordered to yield

and save their lives. This they refused to do; nor would they profane the Sabbath by fighting. So they were attacked and one thousand men, women and children were slaughtered in cold blood and their flocks were destroyed.

Mattathias and his company sorely mourned those who had died for their faith and it was then resolved that in any further attack made on the Sabbath Day there should be vigorous resistance. He then mustered all his forces and proceeded to punish the faithless. Some were killed, others driven out of the land, altars were pulled down, the uncircumcised were forcibly circumcised and the observance of the law restored.

Now the life of Mattathias was drawing to its close. He called his sons together and exhorted them to stand firm and take as their examples the former heroes of their race: "My sons," he said, "be valiant and show yourselves men, Simon is a prudent man. He will be your father. Judas has been a fighter from his boyhood; he will be your captain and fight your battles." So he blessed them and was gathered to his fathers. Great lamentation was made at his burial in the sepulchre of his ancestors at Modin.

Judas Maccabaeus takes command

Judas, called Maccabaeus, "The Little Hammer," now carried on the struggle for religious freedom. So swift were the lightning strokes of his guerilla warfare that it is difficult to place them in strict sequence; but it is possible that in the story that follows this may be the way in which they occurred. His reputation as a fearless leader, a great warrior, and a lion-hearted patriot was known far and wide. From city to city he went, rallying the persecuted Jews and punishing traitors to the cause. Against him a great force was sent under Appolonius. This was speedily put to flight and its leader killed. His sword was taken by Judas and used from this time forward as

his own. Next came Seron, the commander of the Syrian Army. Judas and his men met him in battle at Bethoron. Trusting in God's power, he was enabled to crush this army, which fled to the land of the Philistines, leaving many dead upon the field.

King Antiochus at this time was conducting a campaign in Persia by which he hoped to gain enough plunder to replenish his depleted treasury. On hearing of the defeat of his armies he fell into a rage and ordered Lysias, a man of royal blood, the guardian of his son Antiochus and administrator of the realm to take steps to crush the revolt at all costs. Three noblemen, high in royal favor—Ptolemy, Micanor and Gorgias—were appointed to command a large body of armed men and elephants and accomplish this task.

The commander of this great force pitched his camp near Emmaus. So sure were the traders that many captives would be taken that they came to the camp with large sums of money for the purchase of Jewish slaves. Judas, on learning of the plans made by the king for the destruction of his followers, called a general assembly of the people together, entreating them to fast and pray for God's mercy and protection. He divided his force into companies over which he set captains and exhorted them to be ready to engage the enemy on the morrow with boldness and courage. The army of Gorgias was planning a sudden night attack, but Judas having been informed of this, left his camp so as to meet the main Syrian troops at Emmaus. Gorgias, finding the encampment of Judas deserted, proceeded to scout around the hill country in vain in the hope of meeting his enemy. At dawn Judas, even though his army was smaller in numbers and ill-equipped, fell upon the main army and routed them in the first engagement. Many were killed and they were forced to seek refuge in Idumoea. Forbidding any greedy looting of spoils until complete victory was won, he set the camp on fire and turned to meet the army of Gorgias in battle. He, seeing the smoking

camp and realizing that the main army had been defeated, lost heart and turned in flight to the land of the Philistines. It seems now that Nicanor, who planned to take many captives for sale as slaves, was also attacked by Jewish bands under Simon, Joseph and Jonathan, brothers of Judas. In a fierce battle where many were killed, the remainder sought refuge in flight. The money that was to have purchased slaves also fell into the hands of the Jews along with much booty from the defeated Syrians.

Other foreign forces under Bacchides and Timotheus opposed the victorious army of Judas and were defeated in battle. In one engagement heavenly warriors were seen mounted on horses with bridles of gold. They protected Judas while shooting arrows against the enemy that blinded them. Some of the enemy leaders were executed; others, Nicanor among them were driven into exile.

WHAT TO SAY TO JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES AT THE DOOR

"I admire your zeal in trying to forward your beliefs. I am sure you are a sincere person. But I cannot accept your literature. You preach a cruel and unreasonable god who is going to sweep most of his children away in a horrible battle of Armageddon while you witnesses stand aside and look on.

"I don't believe that you will really like to look at such a wicked thing. You are too kind for that. Yet you make out that God is not good and kind. He destroys his own children, not because they are morally bad, but rather because they do not join Jehovah's Witnesses. You would not treat your children like that. So you are better than the god you preach. For ages he has known, according to you, that he was going to have this horrible battle of Armageddon, and yet he has gone on making more children to be destroyed. I want nothing to do with such a god. If you go on preaching him, you will get to be like him, cruel and unreasonable. You witnesses consider

this world hopeless and so you leave it to perish. You make no effort to help the suffering by supporting hospitals, orphanages or other works of mercy. You take no part in seeing that we have good honest government.

"I believe in the true God, the God of love. Not in your god of hate. I believe in the Gospel, that means the good news that God loves us and cares for us. I do not believe your message of bad news. I know what the true God is like. Jesus is the true picture of what God is like. Your unreasonable god is not one bit like Jesus who went about doing good, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, and Himself died for us on the cross instead of destroying us. You are too good a person to be a Jehovah's witness. Be a witness for Jesus and the God of love. Spread His good news of the gift of eternal life here and hereafter.

"Thank you for calling and for listening to me. I shall be pleased if you will read this. Good day, and God bless and convert you."

Rev. R. F. Palmer, S. S. J. E.

(Copies 3c each, 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 38, Mass.)

Outgoing Mail

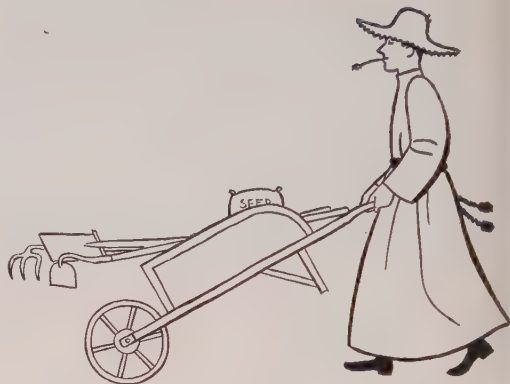
April 31, 1959

Dear Mr.

Even though it cannot be used, I do thank you for the article offered for publication concerning the views of the American Anti-Vivisection Society. The charges made appear so strong that it should be possible to interest some person of national importance, say a U. S. Senator, who would be accustomed to weighing evidence and capable of promoting the right legislation. A church periodical without facilities for judging on so controversial an issue is not the right medium. The recent adoption of humane

slaughter laws in the U. S. and Canada makes it reasonable to hope that something constructive could be done. If there is carelessness, callousness and needless repetition of experiments, action by legislators is certainly in order.

I would suggest that it is not wise policy to minimise the value of the new medicines obtained by the use of animals. Civilised people have decided that animal suffering is preferable to human suffering. That issue is best considered closed. Your point of strength is that there is cruelty and excess in the process. Let that point be proved and I am sure there will be something done to change conditions.



Even So We Speak

BY MARION F. DANE

The need to belong is a universal need, a need which probably reaches its epitome in the teenager, struggling to break the ties of the child-parent relationship and still to belong—somewhere. It is a need which is strong in the college student, working through the transitional years when he is separated from his family and has not yet a family of his own or a niche of his own to fill. It is a need which is filled at various times in our lives by the boy scouts or by a college fraternity or sorority or by a bridge club. It is a need which is filled on a higher level by the Church.

College students need the Church. That is a truism, of course. There is never a time in our lives when we do not need the Church, but for the college student that need is particularly urgent and demanding.

"Tell me," cries the student, in the first throes of intellectual conflict, "What am I doing here? Where am I going? Who am I, anyway?" And when, during his mental explorations, he wanders within range of the Church, the Church must be prepared.

"What am I doing here?" And the Church must be ready with an answer—not a catechetical reply but a living response; not just a "You are here to serve God," but a "Let me help you to find out."

"Where am I going?" And the Church's answer must be careful—not a pat "You are preparing for heaven," but a humble "Let me walk with you, and see if you won't find out."

"Who am I, anyway?" And the Church must face the question of the centuries—not with a formal "You are a member of the Body of Christ," but with a promising "Be-long in me, and I will teach you who you are and where you are going and what you are doing here."

The student needs to belong to something closer, more intimate and personal than the college or university; something wiser, more stable and concerned than the living unit. He needs to know that he is something more than a set of records in a university or a resident of a dormitory or a cog in a class-

oom machine. He needs to know that learning is not a matter of listening and of taking notes and of spewing back facts during exams, but that it is one of thinking and of analysing and of questioning.

The Church has a tremendous obligation to her college students, not just because they are the lay leaders, the priests, and the Church workers of the future, but because they need the Church now. To lose the

Church during these important years of growing is to lose much of the intellectual strength upon which the faith is based.

Pray for our college priests and Church workers, for our directors of college Canterbury Associations. They have devoted themselves to missionary endeavor with which every member of the Church needs to be vitally concerned. They tend the struggling plants from which comes the harvest.

What Is Best On Sunday Morning?

BY DANIEL B. KUNHARDT

What is the best form of worship at the main service on Sunday morning? Is it to have the Holy Communion once a month, and Morning Prayer with hymns and a sermon added on the remaining Sundays? Is it to have the Holy Communion only, every Sunday, at the main service? At most of the parishes in the church it is one or the other, but are either of these the best? Every priest wants the best for his people. Every priest has the authority to determine the forms of worship in his parish. Every priest has taken a vow of conformity to the Book of Common Prayer. And every priest should always ask himself, "Am I doing what is right for my flock?"

What is right for the flock of Christ? For most of them the main service on Sunday morning is their means of worship. This is the one hour in the week in which they praise God corporately, and receive grace in word and sacrament. An enormous amount of research and writing has gone on in the Anglican Communion in the past one hundred years on the subject of liturgics. And the result of it all has been to prove that the Holy Communion is the central act of Christian worship, abetted by the reading and preaching of God's Word in scripture and sermon.

This is what the Prayer Book provides every Sunday. The office of Morning Prayer,

descended from the ancient monastic offices and from Jewish antecedents, with its psalms and Old Testament lessons in addition to New Testament reading, is an essential part of Christian worship. And the Eucharist, with its great intercession, and the blessing, breaking, and giving of Bread is the crown of the Christian week and the foretaste of the Kingdom of Heaven. These two parts of our worship belong together. But, because of historical accident and tradition, they are almost everywhere separated. This separation is unnecessary. It has caused a lot of unhappiness in the Church, because people have made it an "either-or" matter and a cause for churchmanship disputes, which delight the devil while they sadden Our Lord.

A priest can, by following the Prayer Book, provide a form of worship that combines both Morning Prayer and the Eucharist. The writer knows of only three congregations where this is done at the main Sunday service. Yet it is accepted and approved by the people in these places readily, because it is such a comprehensive and rich form of worship.

The important thing is that the office of Morning Prayer is shortened, as the rubrics allow, to include only the Old Testament lesson, the Propers of the Eucharist sufficing for New Testament readings.

Surprisingly, this adds only seven to ten minutes to the service. It is possible to have the first part of Morning Prayer, with sung canticles, a fifteen minute sermon, three hymns, and the Eucharist, with one priest communicating fifty people, in one hour. Where a processional hymn is used, the choir can enter at the Venite, singing it as the processional. The announcements can be kept as brief as possible. The ablutions after the communion can be made during the Gloria or hymn substituted for it.* With a careful attention to details, and the cutting down of time consuming extras (such as elaborate lighting and snuffing of the candles) this form of service can be conducted reverently and smoothly, and the congregation will not be overcome with the sense of oppression due to overlong worship.

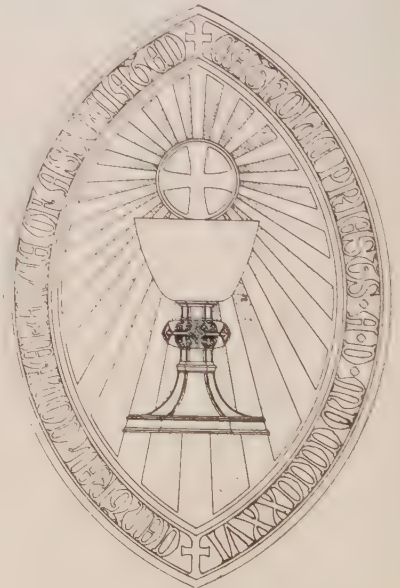
Happily we do not have to wait for a revision of the Prayer Book to restore this ancient and beneficent balance to our worship. By following the Prayer Book as it now stands, the main service on Sunday can have the twofold riches of word and sacrament. Episcopalians are proud of the Prayer Book and of their heritage of the Catholic Faith of antiquity, and the reassertion of this in Biblical terms that came with the Reformation. But in practice most of our parishes break the pattern of word and sacrament. The result is that those parishes where the Eucharist is always held at the main service are considered "High Church," and the "Morning Prayer Parishes" are "Low," and each criticizes the other of aping Rome or Geneva. And the flock of Christ suffers.

This form of worship described above can be done. It is effective. It provides for the people the twofold treasures of the Prayer Book. The clergy are the ones who can change the traditional ways of worship. The priest bears the responsibility for his flock. He is the pastor, teacher, and leader of his flock. The Canon Law and his vow of conformity give him his authority and guidance. And when his flock comes to church on Sunday morning, they should have the best the Church can give them.

**We would not go along with Fr. Kunhardt in using this devotional moment for the ablutions. A few more seconds after the Communion of the faithful cares for this need better, we think.*

In this connection we would like to pass along the interesting suggestion made by the Roman Catholic periodical "Worship" that psalms be sung during the time of the distribution of the Blessed Sacrament and the ablutions. We would find appropriate listings on the page just before "The Psalter or Psalms of David" in the Book of Common Prayer. With or without the form of matins recommended in this article of Fr. Kunhardt's, there would be a real restoration to the Eucharist of psalmody, its one lack.

"What Is Best on Sunday Morning?" might continue as a monthly title if clergy would write to tell of their experiences in successfully caring for their people by means of a Sunday morning schedule which is always unconfusingly the same (not any of the "on the 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays we . . .") and can claim to edify "High" and "Low" without depending on unusually good music or preaching.



The Order Of The Holy Cross

WEST PARK NOTES

Fr. Superior corrected our prophecy as to his movements by arriving in late April, having been obliged to take to the air when his freighter delayed its sailing in a way that would have prevented his keeping appointments in this country. He had a very enjoyable visit and was greatly impressed by the size of our missionary effort in Liberia and its contribution to the vast changes taking place in the world's second largest continent. He took a retreat at the House of the Redeemer, N. Y. C., May 8-10 and from there went south for visitations at Versailles and St. Andrews.

Fr. Taylor, Assistant Superior and Novice Master, went to the City on the 19th for a meeting of the Youth Consultation Service, which not all readers may remember as one of Fr. Founder's other foundations.

Fr. Hawkins gave a retreat for St. Ursula's Guild at the Bay Shore convent of the Sisters of the Holy Nativity, the 15th and 16th.

Fr. Baldwin gave a Parochial Retreat at St. Andrew's, Baltimore during the first week of the month of May. On his way back he attended the N. Y. Diocesan Convention.

Fr. Bessom spoke on the Order and Liberian Mission at Trinity Church, Cranford during the weekend of the 2-3rd. Imagine his puzzlement during the last sermon to see the beloved face of Brother Dominic looking up at him from a brown suit and blue necktie. That identical twin is just that. He spoke about the Liberian Mission at the Communion Breakfast of St. Paul's, Poughkeepsie on the 31st.

Fr. Terry spoke at St. Peter's, Westchester on the occasion of Fr. Lang's Silver Jubilee of Priesthood on the 16th. He went to Wallkill Prison for talks on the 24th.

Br. Michael gave a School of Prayer at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Elizabethtown, N. Y., the 4-6th. He helped at



the Long Island Diocesan Youth Convention at Camp De Wolfe the 16-17th.

Br. Charles assisted Fr. Baldwin in the Baltimore mission and spoke at a conference at St. Paul's, Elkins Park, Penna., during the last weekend, 30-31st.

Fr. Smith gave a Quiet Day at the Newburgh convent for Associates of the Order of St. Helena on the 16th. His old job of caring for all the clothing has gone to Fr. Lynn. Fr. Smith is now in charge of the gardening work and of the kitchen, replacing Br. Paul in the latter.

The novices attended the Youth Service of the Convocation of the Hudson, at Kingston, so keeping Religious Life Sunday by a little advertising in person, May 10.

Sermon was dispensed Sunday, the 17th and the community enjoyed, on a hired TV set, the program from "Poverty Chastity and Obedience," presented by the National Council through Fr. Kenedy and introduced by Fr. Williams, S.S.J.E., head of the Advisory Council on the Religious Life.

Rogation processions were held on the lovely days before Ascension. Our habits change slowly. The crucifer stopped at the spot which has become the Monday pausing place each year. Prayers were offered for good crops. The plot of land is no longer a truck garden but our athletic area, fitted for volleyball and horseshoe pitching. Will the prayers assist the weeds, or will the department in Heaven which reassorts mistaken prayers direct them to some useful purpose elsewhere?

Returning for late April news, we have two items. Br. Aidan celebrated his eightieth birthday on the 23rd, St. George's Day. This was the third time in fairly recent months that one of us has reached the four score mark. Fr. Thomas of Poughkeepsie spent the night before and celebrated a mass for the Brother. A big cake with candles, and coffee, the usual means for signalling

an important birthday on a non-fasting day were enjoyed after dinner in the common room. Although the Brother Companion is not in good health, he keeps up as much as possible of the missionary correspondence that has made him known around the globe.

Mrs. Mable Atkinson, mother of our Father Atkinson, died in Hamilton, Ontario, after a long illness, on April 21. Requiem services were said for her here and at St. Helena's, and Fr. Taylor went to Canada to assist in the services there. God rest the soul of the widow who gave her only child to Christ!

COMPANIONS

I dozed one night, and met three stock
men

Who trod rough Earth long centuries ago
Hacking out history—every word and deed
A keen edged weapon piercing fleshy hearts

The first was Socrates:
I saw him in some crowded marketplace
Nightclothed in wisdom—pitying the meek
Who watched him quickly drain the
hemlock cup.

The next who passed was Paul
Scratching on parchments, trying to melt
God's love to *koine*. Thought he of that
noon

When Christ outpaced him near Damascus
gate,

And then came Peter, solid as the Rock
The Faith on which Our Lord has built His
Church.

Was this the man who (so he told me) wept
Because a cock crowed twice one bitter
morn?

Grant me O Lord, one hope:
To be as one with these Thy servants true
So that with triune chorus I should pray
"Thy kingdom come on earth . . . Through
us Thy will."

by J. Peter Burnyeat

JUNE OUTSIDE ENGAGEMENTS

Fr. Superior returns on June 10th from his visits in Versailles and St. Andrews and goes to South Kent for his third commencement speech in a fortnight.

Fr. Hawkins starts supply work at St. Luke's, Richmond, Virginia on the 25th.

Fr. Baldwin goes to the Bayshore, L. I. convent of the Sisters of the Holy Nativity to conduct a retreat, June 1-5th.

Fr. Terry will join *Fr. Bicknell* of St. Andrew's and help in the work of the Valley Forge Conference, in which both have assisted before.



This Sierra Leone Railroad locomotive pushes cars up the lower slopes for the Mandingo Plateau. At 15 m.p.h. it does not need to be streamlined. Enroute from Freetown, Mission personnel are sometimes tempted to get out and run.

FROM SANTA BARBARA

Dear Father Superior:

We are all so glad to learn that you and Father Gill returned safely from Bolahun a few days ago, and of course give thanks to our Lord for His protection over you during your long trip. I am sorry that I was unable to be at Holy Cross to greet you, or to see the Oblates of Mount Calvary when they gathered at the monastery for their retreat and conference.

At this house we have been kept busy with many retreats. Various members of the community have conducted these, as well as the retreats for women in St. Mary's House on Los Olivos just behind the old Spanish mission church. As in all our houses, there has been much coming and going because of the usual ministrations, sermons and the like in various parishes all up and down the coast. It is God's work,

and we are glad to do it. Father Prior and Father Adams attended a meeting in the cathedral, San Francisco, in the interest of religious communities, and reported excellent attendance and considerable enthusiasm among the lay people.

One sunny morning recently I was reading on the east porch. A gay little humming bird was gathering nectar from geraniums and other blossoms near me, when he spied my purple skull cap and seemed to think that he had found a new flower to sip, for he began buzzing about my head. I waved him away, but he came right back, apparently quite convinced that honey was there.

Right under us in Rattlesnake Canyon lies the camp of a riding club known as the Rancheros Visitadores. This is a continuation of a Spanish custom of long ago, when rancheros used to go about every Spring in groups to help one another round up the cattle and brand the calves. The first week

in May they still have a ride together back into the mountains. On May 2nd Mr. Hobart Skofield was presenting the club with a fine new flagpole in memory of his late father, from whom we purchased this property. Some of us were invited to have part in the ceremonies, in which we were glad to accept. It was a lovely day, and to see the raising of the flags, first the Stars and Stripes, then the state flag of California, and last of the Visitadores, all with appropriate music, was something never to be forgotten. The large body of horsemen from camp cheered the flags mightily when the stiff breeze caught them; and we could not but be happy with our hosts.

Father Packard is expecting to leave for Holy Cross shortly to spend the summer,

and as soon as necessary arrangements can be made, I hope to follow him, glad as always to return home, though sorry once more to leave this lovely spot, quite a paradise in itself.

With very best wishes, and with greetings from each of us to the brethren at home I am as always

Faithfully in our Lord,

✠ ROBERT E. CAMPBELL, O.H.C.

His many friends will be glad to know that the Bishop is due home shortly after a visit with his sister in Jacksonville, Florida. Ed.

The Order of Saint Helena

Newburgh Notes

Last month we wrote in "Newburgh Notes" that we looked forward to Father Superior's return on May 7th, so our surprise and pleasure were great when he flew in (well, not quite all the way) on April 21st! And he seemed equally as delighted at surprising us by his early arrival. That meant that he was able to receive our newest postulant on April 22nd and also gave us an excuse for a party to celebrate his return, and the postulant's reception, and one of the Sister's birthdays which we "transferred" from the 23rd.

May was a beautiful month at the convent and a busy one for all the Sisters. The convent grounds are lovely at this time of the year. On May 1st they were enjoyed by a group of children from a released-time class at St. Andrew's Church, Walden, N. Y., who came along with some of the adults of the parish, to spend a day at the convent, eat a picnic lunch, and learn something about Religious Life.

From the 1st to the 3rd Sister Ignatia conducted a group of women from Good

Samaritan Church in Paoli, Pa. The Youth Group and some parents from St. Anthony of Padua in Hackensack, N. J. came on Sunday the 3rd for tea and Vespers and Benediction.

On the 5th and 6th Sister Ignatia conducted a retreat for a group of women from Christ Church, Poughkeepsie. Sister Elizabeth went to St. James' Church in Hyatt Park on the 6th to speak on the Religious Life and show slides to the women of the parish. That same day, being Rogation Wednesday, we had a procession at 3:45 in the afternoon in which the children and many adults from St. Thomas' Church, New Windsor participated.

On the 8th and 9th Sister Alice gave a retreat to women, mostly Church School teachers, from St. Andrew's, New Haven, Conn. On the 12th Sister Clare spoke and showed slides at St. Paul's Church, Brookfield Center, Conn. On the 16th we had our annual Associates' Luncheon.

Sister Clare was on mission at St. Michael and St. Mark in Brooklyn from the 16th to

On the 23rd. From the 22nd to the 24th a group from St. Thomas' in Hanover, N. H., was here for a retreat.

On the 23rd Sister Bridget accompanied the Church School children from St. Agnes', Balmville to the Mite Box Service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. On the 24th the youth groups of St. John's, New Milford, Conn., and St. Mark's, of Bridgewater, Conn., visited us. On the 28th we went to West Park for Corpus Christi.

On the 6th of June a busload of people from St. Mary the Virgin in New York City are planning a pilgrimage to our Convent and to Holy Cross Monastery.

Sister Josephine and the novices will be at Camp St. George for the annual novice rest from June 14th to 20th.

Sister Mary Florence will conduct Children's Missions in St. Stephen's, Coconut Grove, Fla., and St. Alban's, Augusta, Ga., from June 21st to July 6th. On June 22nd Sister Alice is being transferred to our Convent in Versailles, Ky.

VERSAILLES NOTES

The first week in May was Election Week at Margaret Hall. The first event was the election, by the entire school, of the May Queen. Our choice was Linda Myles, of Crawley, West Virginia. Linda has been first Senior Prefect this year, and played Caedmon in the Spring Play. The results of other elections were also good, and made us proud of the political maturity of our students this year.

The Rogation Days were duly observed by outdoor processions. Father Stevens, O. H.C., made his Paschaltide visit from the Monday through the Wednesday. On Tuesday, we had as our guest the Rev. Clarence Brickman, Executive Secretary of the Department of Parish and Day Schools of the National Council, whom we were glad to welcome as an official representative of the Episcopal School Association. On Wednesday we also entertained at tea members of the Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary, who were attending the Diocesan Convocation at St. John's Church, Versailles.

The May series of banquets began on April 30th, with the Polyglots, including



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twenty-five Lower School students, feasting in the refectory, while the rest of the regular diners picnicked out-of-doors. The 6th of May is the patronal festival of the Guild of St. John the Divine, and Mass is followed by a gala breakfast, with flowers, and talking at breakfast instead of the usual silence. The next day was Ascension Day, and everybody was at Mass again. The evening was marked, as is traditional, by the Literary Banquet, arranged by the English department. The Seniors arranged and acted a scene from *Bleak House*, and the winners of the Literary Contest were announced. After chapel, the faculty entertained the student body on the gym stage with antics which are known as Faculty Follies. The Latin Banquet took place on the 14th, and picnics for other guilds and clubs were fitted in through the month as the schedule could bear them.

The Junior-Senior Prom, on May 9th, was an Old-Fashioned Ball, which had as its theme song "Now Is the Hour when We must Say Good-bye." The paper-ribbon canopy over the heads of the dancers was white, the gym cabinets were hung with gold, and the reception line moved down a red carpet.

The Father Superior made a visitation the week of the 11th, and gave us dazzling accounts of his adventures in England and Africa. He was here for the Lower School Swimming Meet on the 13th. The 13th was also the date of a visit to the school of a group of Woman's Auxiliary members from St. Paul's Church, Jeffersonville, Indiana. May 16th was May Day. Sister Rachel was the speaker at the Alumnae Luncheon. At three o'clock the Fete began with a repeat-performance of the Spring Play, *The Apple Tree*, by R. M. Clegg, and, immediately afterward, the queen was crowned in the garden. She laid her crown at the feet of our Lady's statue. The statue is a new one, by Ade Bethune, given in memory of our very dear friend and former assistant principal, Emily Hopkins. The evening program

on May Day was the Water Ballet, produced by a group of girls under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Housek, after an impressive amount of faithful work through the year.

The Music Department gave us a recital the evening of Whitsunday, and, on the 22nd, the school chorus presented a joint concert with the Glee Club of Kentucky Military Institute, from Lyndon, Kentucky. The concert was followed by an informal dance. Our chorus was given a rating of excellent and superior in the state choral contest in Lexington in April.

One of our students, Betty Hargrave, daughter of Canon W. L. Hargrave, of Orlando, Florida, won the Living Church Essay Contest this year, with an essay, "I Chose a Church School." Her essay was published in the Living Church of April 12. Other honors were won by our students in a Fencing Meet in Lexington in April. Our girls placed first, third and fourth.

On May 20th, the Lower School parents were our guests for a parents' meeting and tea.

On May 19th, we chartered a bus and took twenty-eight students to the Cincinnati Art Museum to see the Lehman Exhibition there. We came back mentally and spiritually re-created by the experience of living for one day face to face with God's beauty and power as shown forth through man in eight centuries of artistic achievement.

Many Sophomores and Juniors spent two Saturday mornings in May taking College Entrance Board Aptitude Test and National Merit Scholarship examinations in Lexington, Kentucky.

The last week in May we settled down to polish up the year's academic work, in preparation for final examinations. This year's prefects went back to the ranks, and the prefects for the coming year took over the work of planning and inspecting student jobs, and of presiding at meetings of Student Council.

An Ordo of Worship and Intercession June - July 1959

- 16 *Tuesday* G Mass of Trinity iii—for the *Confraternity of the Christian Life*
 - 17 *Wednesday* G as on June 16—for *graduating classes*
 - 18 *St. Ephrem Syrus* CD Double W gl cr—*Christians behind the Iron Curtain*
 - 19 *SS Gervasius and Protasius* MM Simple R gl—for the *Confraternity of the Love of God*
 - 20 *Of St. Mary* Simple W gl pref BVM (Veneration)—for the *Community of St. Mary*
 - 21 4th Sunday after Trinity Double G gl cr pref of Trinity—for *summer camps and conferences*
 - 22 *St. Alban* M Double R gl col 2) *St. Paulinus of Nola* BC—for the *Church of England*
 - 23 *Vigil of St. John Baptist* V—for the *Companions of the Order*
 - 24 *Nativity of St. John Baptist* Double I Cl W gl cr—for the *Sisters of St. John the Baptist*
 - 25 *Thursday* G Mass of Trinity iv—for *just peace*
 - 26 *SS John and Paul* MM Simple R gl—for the *Oblates of Mt. Calvary*
 - 27 *Of St. Mary* Simple W as on June 20—for the *Priests Associate*
 - 28 5th Sunday after Trinity Double G gl cr pref of Trinity—*Thanksgiving for all God's blessings*
 - 29 *SS Peter and Paul* App Double I Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—*Thanksgiving for the life and work of our Father Founder*
 - 30 *Commemoration of St. Paul* Gr Double R gl col 2) *St. Peter* cr pref of Apostles—for the *Seminarists Associate*
 - July 1 *Precious Blood of Our Lord* Double II Cl R gl cr pref of *Passiontide*—for all enclosed religious
 - 2 *Visitation* BVM Double II Cl W gl cr pref BVM—for the *Sisters of St. Helena*
 - 3 *St. Irenaeus* BM Double R gl—for all *teachers of the Faith*
 - 4 *Of St. Mary* Simple W gl col 2) *Translation of St. Martin* BC pref of BVM (Veneration) or *votive of Independence Day* gl cr—for *our country*
 - 5 6th Sunday after Trinity Double G gl cr pref of Trinity—for all in the *armed forces*
 - 6 *Monday* G Mass of Trinity vi—for all *who work for and with the sick*
 - 7 *SS Cyril and Methodius* BBCC Double W gl—for all *unjustly imprisoned*
 - 8 *Wednesday* G as on July 7—for the *Holy Cross Liberian Mission*
 - 9 *Thursday* G as on July 7—for *kindness to animals*
 - 10 *Friday* G as on July 7—for the *Guild of All Souls*
 - 11 *of St. Mary* Simple W as on June 20—for the *Sisters of the Holy Nativity*
 - 12 7th Sunday after Trinity Double G gl col 2) *St. John Gualbert* Ab cr pref of Trinity—for *vocations to the religious life*
 - 13 *Monday* G Mass of Trinity vii—for all *who deal with juvenile delinquency*
 - 14 *St. Bonaventura* BCD Double W gl cr—for *France*
 - 15 *Wednesday* G as on Jul 13—for all *who teach and study theology*
 - 16 *Thursday* G as on July 13—for all the *charities of the Church*
- Note on the Memorials Simple Mass may be said of the feria G col) 2) Memorial

... Press Notes ...

We are very pleased with the interest our customers have shown in our new venture of "cards for various occasions. A new series is being prepared and a brochure will be published for your selection

One of my attending nurses brought me two interesting old scrap books. They were found some years ago in an old Mansion in Albany. They are two of the school "Composition" books—with grecian ladies on the cover. These were the style in my early school days. One book is filled with Maxims and quotes from poets all giving a picture of what a girl should be thinking and doing so that she will be "a lady" when she grows up. What sweet creatures they were expected to be! What a contrast with the present day training. The girl of today would say "what rubbish."

The other book is filled with newspaper clippings about important people and events (oc 1892-95). The first to catch my eye was the following "facsimila of Memorandum:"

"Memoranda"

I was born Feb. 12, 1809 in thru Hardin County Kentucky, at a point within the new recently former County of Laren, a mile, or a mile and a half from where Hongarsville now is. My parents being dead and my own Memory not serving, I have no means of identifying the precise locality—I was on Nolin creek—

A. Lincoln
"

"June 14, 1860

Among the news items were accounts of the death of John Greenleaf Whittier, Count De Lessups (of Suez Canal fame), Walt Whitman, Eugene Field, Robert Lewis Stevenson, Alexander Dumas.

The compiler of these books was very interested in biography and poetry and the books made when she was a student at the Albany Female Academy. One wonders what happened to her.

Our night nurse is the one who at one time woke me up to give me a sleeping pill. She very carefully avoids making the same mistake now.

I found an explanation of why I am so content to take my young nephews out fishing with the boys in the bow and me in the stern. This situation is dictated by the eagerness of youth and by the acceptance on the part of the elder that it is as enjoyable to see a bass well hooked as to do the job oneself—a conditioning which is the result of age and affection. Time compels us to surrender our competitive spirit in spats; with the fishing rod one can retain a degree of authority even in the back seat. I am glad to hear that and I know many of you have wondered why you are content to take the back seat. I am hoping before long, to be able to take the back seat in my boat and watch the youngsters hook into a lunker, and perhaps I may catch one also. Happy fishing!